They Liked Leeks.

OWING to the fondness of the Celtic tribes for the leek, their descendants, the Welsh, retain it as an emblem of their nationality. It was an important vegetable and gardens were called "leac gardens."



Magazine Page





This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the banishment, in 1637. of Anne Hutchinson from Massachusetts for her doctrine of freedom of thought. She settled near Stamford, Conn., where Indians murdered her, in 1643.

Robert W. Chambers' THE STREETS OF ASCALON Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W Chambers. † smooth young hands once seemed Whose Novels Have Won Him in ternational Fame.

THE following day Sir Charles left for Newport, where Mrs. Sprowl had opened "Skyland," her villa of pink Tennessee marbie. to a lively party of young people of which Strelsa Leeds made one. And once more, according to the newspapers, her engagement to Sir Charles was expected to be announced at any moment.

When Quarren picked up the newspapers from his office desk next morning he found the whole story there-a story to which he had become accustomed.

But the next day the papers repeated the news. And it remained, for the first time, uncontradicted by anybody. All that morning he sat at his desk staring at her picture, reproduced in half-tones on the first page of every newspaper in town-stared at it, and at the neighboring likeness of Sir Charles in the uniform of his late regiment; read once more of Strelsa's first marriage with all its sequence of misery and degradation; read fulsome columns celebrating her beauty, her popularity, her engagement to one of the wealthiest Englishmen in the world

He read, also, about Sir Charles Mallison, V. C .- the long record of his military service, his wealth and the dignified simplicity of his life. He read about his immense popularity in England, his vast but unostentatious charities, his political and social status.

To Quarren it all meant nothing more than a stupid sequence of printed words; and he dropped his blond head into both hands and gazed out into the sunshine. And presently he remembered the golden dancer laughing at him under her dainty maskyears and years ago; and then he to melt so sweetly against histhought of her gray eyes tinged with violet, and her hair and mouth and throat-and her cheek faintly fragrant against his-a moment's miracle-and then, the end-

He made a quick, aimless movement as though impatiently escaping sudden pain; cleared his sun-dazzled eyes and began, half blindly, to turn over his morning's letters-circulars, bills, business matters—and suddenly came upon a letter from her.

For a while he merely gazed at it, incredulous of its reality.

Then he opened the envelope very deliberately and still, scarcely convinced, unfolded the scented sheaf of note paper:

'Dear Mr. Quarren:

"At Mrs. Sprowl's suggestion I wrote Sir Charles asking him to be kind enough to bring you with him when he came to 'Skyland.'

"Somehow, I am afraid that my informality may have offended you; and if this is so, I am sorry. We have been such good friends that I supposed I might venture to send you such a message.

"But perhaps I ought to have written to you instead-I didn't know. Lately it seems as though many things that I have done have been entirely misunderstood. "It's gray weather here, and the sun looks as though it were bad tempered, and I've been discontented, too, this morning-

"I don't really mean that. There is a very jolly party here. * * * * I believe that I'm growing a little tired of parties.

"Molly has asked me to Witch-Hollow for a quiet week in June, and I'm going. She would ask you if I suggested it. Shall I? Because, since we last met, once or twice the thought has occurred to me that perhaps an explanation was overdue. Not that I should make any to you if you and I met at

STRELSA LEEDS-A charming young widow, who comes to New York and is sponsored by one of the leaders of society.

RICHARD QUARREN-A gifted young idler, who falls in love with Strelsa.

LANGLY SPROWL—A multi-millionaire, who has determined to marry Strelsa, and who has explained his unsavory past to her by a seemingly frank talk.

SIR CHARLES MALLISON-A rich Englishman, who has long hoped to win Strelsa's heart.

MARY LEDWITH-Who, betrayed by

Who's Who in "The Streets of Ascalon" Sprowl, at last sees the good in Chester

Ledwith, the husband she tossed aside. THE EARL OF DANKMERE-Who brings over a lot of family pictures and incidentally starts Quarren on the road to usefulness.

MOLLY WYCHERLY—A great friend of Strelsa's, who breaks to Quarren the news that the young widow has lost all her

MRS. SPROWL-A Fifth avenue dowager, who undertakes a matrimonial campaign for Strelsa, hoping to marry her to Sir Charles Mallison.

Witch-Hollow. There isn't any to + make-except by my saying that I hope to see you again. Will you be content with that admission of

"I meant to speak to you again that day at the Charity affair, only there were so many people bothering-and you seemed to be so delightfully preoccupied with that pretty Cyrille Caldera. I really had no decent opportunity to speak to you again without making her my mortal enemy-and you, too, per-

"May I dare to be a little friendly now and say that I would like to see you? Somehow I feel that even still I may venture to talk to you on a different plane and footing from any which exists between other men and me. You were once so friendly. so kind, so nice to me. You have been nice-always. And if I seem to have acquired any of the hardness, and of the cynical veneer, any of the fashionable scepticism and unbelief which, perhaps no woman entirely escapes in my environment, it all softens and relaxes and fades and seems to talk to you-even on this note-paper. Which is only one way of saying, 'Please be my friend again!

"I sometimes hear about you from

that you have given up all frivolous social activity and are now most industriously devoting yourself to your real estate business. And I am wondering whether this rather bewildering volte-face is to be perma-

"Would you care to write to me and tell me a little about yourself? Do you think it odd or capricious of me to write to you? And are you perhaps irritated because of my manners, which must have seemed to you discourteous-perhaps rude?

"I know of course that you called

on me; that you telephoned; that you

wrote to me; and that I made no re-"And I am going to make no explanation. Can your friendship, or what may remain of it, stand the

strain? "If it can, please write to me. And forgive me whatever injustice I have seemed to do you. I ask it because, although you may not believe it, my regard for you has never become less since the night that a Harlequin and a golden dancer met in the noisy halls of old King Carnival. . . . Only, the girl who writes you this was younger and happier then

others. I am impressively informed + than I think she ever will be "Your friend-if you wish-

> "STRELSA LEEDS." He wrote her by return mail.

'My Dear Mrs. Leeds: "When a man has made up his

mind to drown without any more fugs it hurts him to be hauled out and resuscitated and told he :s "If you mean, ultimately, to let

me drown, do it now. I've been too miserable over you . Also, I was insulting to Sir Charles. He's too decent to have told you; but I was. And I can't ask his pardon except by mending my manners toward him in future. "I'm nobody; I haven't any

money, and I love you. That is how the matter stands this day in May. Let me know the worst and I'll drown this time for good and all. "Are you engaged to marry Sir

"R. S. QUARREN."

The little Earl got up and began to wander around, hands in his pockets, repeating:

"I'd make a pretty good actor. in spite of what O'Hara said. It's

the only thing I like, anyway. 1 can improvise songs, too. Listen to this impromptu, you fellows": And he bent over the piano, still

standing, and beat out a jingling

accompaniment: "I sigh for a maiden I never have seen. I'll make her my countess what-

ever she's been-Typewriter, manicure, heiress or queen.

Aged fifty or thirty or lovely eighteen,

Redundant and squatty, or scraggy and lean. Generous spendthrift or miserly

mean-I sigh for the maiden I never have

Provided she's padded with wads of Long Green!"

Still singing the air he picked up a silk hat and walking stick and began to dance, rather lightly and gracefully, his sunken, heavy-lidded eyes fixed nonchalantly on spacehis nimble little feet making no sound on the floor as he swung. swayed and capered under the electric light timing his agile steps to his own singing. Loud applause greeted him:

much hand-clapping and cries of "Good old Dankmere! Three cheers

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

for the British peerage!"

Sir Charles looked slightly bored, sitting back in his chair and waiting for the game to recommence. Which it did with the return of the Earl who had now relieved both his intellect and his legs of an accumulated and terpischorean incubus.

"If I was a bigger ass than I am," said the Earl, "I'd go into vaudeville and let my creditors

"Did they really send you over here?" asked O'Hara, knowing that his lordship made no bones about 4t.

"They certainly did. And a fine mess I've made of it, haven't I? No decent girl wants me-though why, I don't know, because I'm decent enough as men go. But your newspapers make fun of me and my title-and I might as well

"Get to 'Em." "What's Dankmere Tarns?" asked O'Hara.

let 'em pick my carcass clean."

cut away to Dankmere Tarns and

"Mine, except the mortgages on

"Entailed?"

"Naturally." "Kept up?"

"No. shut up."

"What sort of a gallery is that of yours at Dankmere Tarns?" inquiried Sir Charles, turning

"How the devil do I know," replied his lordship fretfully. "I don't know anything about pic-

tures." "Are there not some very valua-

ble ones here?" "There are a lot of very dirty

"Don't you know their value?" "No. I don't. But I fancy the good ones were sold off long agotwenty years ago I believe. There was a sale-a lot of rubbish of sorts. I took it for granted that Lister's people cleaned out every-

"When you go back," said Sir Charles, "inspect that rubbish again. Perhaps Lister's people overlooked enough to get you out of your finan. cial difficulties. Bictures that sold for £100 twenty years ago might bring f1,000 today. It's merely a suggestion, Dankmere-if you'll par-

"And a good one," added O'Hara. "I know a lot of interestin' people and they tell me that you can sell any rotten old picture over here for any amount of money. Sting 'em,

pictures," said Lacy, "and have a shot at the auction-mad amateur. He's too easy. "And pay duty and storage and

gallery hire and auction fees :- no, thanks." replied the little earl, cautiously. "I've burnt my bally fingers "I've a back room behind my of

fice," said Quarren. "You can store them there if you like without

"Besides, if they're genuine, there will be no duty to pay," explained

made no comment; and the game went on, disastrously for him. Quarren said casually to Sir

Charles: "I suppose you will be off to New

"Tomorrow. When do you leave

"I expect to remain in town nearly all summer.' "Isn't that rather hard?"

said the boy indifferently. "Many people are already on the wing," observed Lacy.

"The Calderas have gone, I hear added O'Hara

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Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-wide Success. LL right," I replied, getting to my feet and nolding out my hand with my best sporting effort to cover my terrible disappointment. "I see your viewpoint, and I won't make any effort to change it. Thanks for the interview. I've taken a lot of your time, but I'm sure you don't begrudge it Where are you going in all this rain?" asked Carl, smiling equally. "I've said I didn't see my way clear

to making any innovations, and I don't. But I've a counter proposition to make if you care to listen. The instant Carl Booth rejected Haldane's with Anne Harrison in charge. I began to realize how much I'd counted on it. I replied without enthusiasm:

Carl, go ahead. Let's hear what you have to say. "You sound as thrilled as a fish on being invited into a nice new net." chuckled Carl.

As he spoke he leaned forward and tapped out his pipe, emptying the ashes with a certain purposefulness he's always had a way of infusing into trival gestures. knew perfectly well that while he was apparently absorbed in getting pipe as clean as a modern white-tailed kitchen, he was marshaling the facts in order and preparing to railroad his ideas through in a way which has made him such a success in the advertising

and publishing game. 'Yes, your home?" I invited. "It's like this," said Carl. ob is several sizes too big for me. 'I'm an advertising man, not an editor, but here I have to sit looking as serene as Budha until Loren Haldane, Esq., comes back to his own. And I haven't even an effi-

Delicious Ice Cream IN PURE FRUIT FLAVORS PROMPTLY DELIVERED DAILY AND SUNDAY. AMREIN'S Phone Main 2238. Established 1890.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles-



bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sises. Lask for the name Gold Medal on every best

"I can, but they don't fit." I answered coolly, rising and starting to fasten the buttons of the coat I'd loosened at my throat.

as he rose, too, and faced me "Are you trying to make me deed so, even while I was on the

"Precisely!" interrupted Carl "Barbara Anine Lee was one of the finest girls I've ever known. She found inspiration and a chance to do good work; as the secretary to Mr. Haldane. when Mrs. James Hunter Harrison makes a try at the world of business, she must have an editorial position and a department of her own at the least. The idea of doing her work under the direction of someone else is too much for that important social person-

verge of emphatic denial.

A New Vision.

tween vexation and amusement. "That isn't it-I just thought I'd grown, that I could best serve Haldane's in some new capacity-"

good friend I'd brought out of my experience in the world of busi-What perversity was driv-

gaze, wondering how I'd square this with myself, the door opened abruptly and Miss Brownlow came in with a vexed smile crinkling

bad, Mr. Booth," she said. "They ugly hole. One of our big concerns is on the verge of cancellation Appears our client ordered a full page in four colors where he's been carrying sepla every month. publicity man slipped up and didn't

lames us and wants to cancel the rest of the year's contract which has six months to run. And he's over in the advertising department now, mad as a hatter-which he is, and on his way here. Get that?"
"I do. And it's plenty." replied Carl, his brows furrowing with thought. A boy poked his head in the door

then, announcing in clippel syllables: "Miss Brownlow, wantya in th' "Twonce."

Can't you see the lay of the land yourself, Barbara Anne? The blueprint's right in front of you. Can you read the specifications and measurements?

severely. feel that I'm a snob now in business matters?" I asked hastily. half wondering if this were in-

"Why, Carl Booth!" I cried be-

I stopped in perplexity. Was a

word of this true? Hadn't I hesitated from that old ignoble attitude which finds expression in the child's "I won't play if I can't be president?" Or, on the other hand, had I been actuated by a queer hesitancy to work at Carl's side? Was I trying to avoid a business intimacy with the one

As I stood facing Carl's quizzical

"The advertising department's in you to pull them out of an

over.
"Now there's a row on.

lessly round the room.

The piano was closed tonight; there was no one to play, and Mrs. Winterdick had just remarked how she wished Eva had been there.

seemed to be stored with bitter memories like that.

jerkily The busy needles stopped click-Yes. Phil." "Well, mother, they're rotten!

II'm here." · · · 'Yes, Phil." She put one white hand on his arm with a little com-

forting gesture. "It's impossible to go on living "Don't think she's to blame-she isn't! It's all my faut-I've been a rotter to her from the start to · · · she's too good for

but her face whitened a little. "I've had an offer to go to South Africa." Philip rushed on. "It's a decent offer-good money, and all stand in the way, I know, when I tell you how-how utterly impossible it is for me to-to go on as I you my word of honor that none of it is her fault. She-she's just

as wretched as I am." He tried to laugh. along comfortably. He drew a hard breath.

give us both a chance—to sort ourselves out. • • •"

seems to me that the only way for

both of us is for me to clear. It'll

Wiggs at the breakfast table one morning, "Dr. Lewis says that hit water will cure all diseases."

'Yes; and persons who use the treatment ought never to be ill at "Well, I don't believe it."

De Wiggs, as he sidled toward the door; "why, I've been in hot water ever since I married you!" He got outside just in time to miss a teacup fired at him as a parting salute.

He put her gently away and rose to his feet. Mrs. Winterdick sat quite still, her eyes fixed on her son. He had never seemed so pathetically young to her as he did now, and it denly came home to her with a rush of exceeding bitterness that

see what it would mean?" laid a hand on her shoulder. 'I don't want to hurt you," he said roughly. "You're not very sore with me, are you? It's my own fault—nobody else's. If I clear off for a bit • Eva never known her as I should like

Mrs. Winterdick rose; she put her hands on his shoulders and

looked into his face with loving "Do I Phil?" she asked. "Are you sure—quite sure? . He stammered out that there was nothing more to tell her, that if there had been * * He broke off.

There was a little silence, then she said very gently: "You didn't love Eva when you

and suddenly Philip broke out in an

THE RHYMING

-By Aline Michaelis-The Man Who Understands. HIS earth would be an empty but it's no good no He pulled himself together almost

at once, and tried to laugh. 'Well, that's the worst, with an effort. "It's a just punishment, anyway. She can't stand me shows her good taste, I suppose. He fumbled for his cigarettes and lit one; he was horribly ashamed of

not look at his mother. "So it's all settled-eh?" he said Yes, Phil.'

Mrs. Winterdick raised her sad she said gently.

knew-everything!"

and attentive to her when he had time to spare from dancing attendance upon Kitty, but she felt that she was losing him. The change was in herself she knew, and not in Peter, but she was

went about with her everywhere. He had never alluded but he was there whenever sh wanted him; she had a hysterical feeling that he was the one solid thing in a world of crumbling disillusionment.

to pieces on the rocks long ago. Philip had never written to her and after three anguished days of watching for the letter he had promised she had given up hope. to come back.

Why He Was Willing. Six jurymen had cried off on various pretexts. When the judge came to the seventh he was getting sarcastic.

"Haven't got a fence on the You think you can spare time to serve on the jury this afternoon?" "I do, sir."

has got time to serve his country as a juryman," he said. "Would you a juryman," he said. mind telling me how it happens?"

Dankmere. Get to 'em!" "You might send for some of the

too often in schemes."

Sir Charles. Dankmere sucked his cigar but

port soon."

"No: it doesn't matter much.

and the Vernons and Mrs. Sprowl.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.) (Copyright, by Robert W. Chambers.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES FOR LOVE :: An Absorbing :: By RUBY M. AYRES SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

cient secretary—just part of the time of a nice girl recruited from the art department's busy ranks. Can't you see the lay of the la you to-" He broke off with a

anxiety.

"What do you mean?" he asked. married her, Phil?"
"No-I • • •" Their eyes met.

OPTIMIST

place without the friendly soul whose kindly heart and smiling face help others to their goal. The wise man, too, is needed here to write the almanac and help to spin this whirling sphere upon its wonted track. The silly wight deserves his share of credit and applause, because he serves to banish care while making loud guffaws. But, best of all the varied crew inhabiting our earth, there's one who answers everyone, a chap of countless worth. He's warmly met by young and old, made welcome in all lands, for folks are happy to behold the man who understands. The man who knows just what to say when nothing seems quite right, the man who cheers you on your way when things are black as night; the man who joys when you are glad and all your plans succeed, who understands when times are bad and hopes have gone to seed. Yes: he is best of all the folks we meet from day to day; the man who understands your jokes and joins in your play. For he may speak another tongue and hail from foreign lands, yet he can feel your heart strings wrung, joy, grief he understands. He knows all passions, fierce and wild, he fathoms hopes and fears, and he can still the weeping child and soothe away its tears. His judgment is not harsh and stern when others make mistakes, he knows the pits and every turn, the forms temptation Oh, give me friends for of mirth and friends with helpful hands, but most, I want that friend of work, the man who un-

his momentary breakdown; he could

presently. "I go to South Africa and Eva comes here—if you'll h You won't . . . you're not blaming her? You wouldn't, if you

"I never have blamed her, Phil," The days following her husband's departure from the apartment seem ed to Eva when she looked back on them, like some feverish dream. After the first expostulation Peter left her severely alone; he was kind

powerless to help it; circumstance had seized her in a relentless grip and was whirling her madly through the days till she lost her breath and had to let herself drift. Calligan was always there; he compact; he never spoke of Philip;

'You're my sheet anchor, you know," she said to him recklessly one night. "If it hadn't been for you I should have beaten myself

He did not mean to write; she believed that he did not ever mean She was too proud to attempt to find out what he was doing, or if he was still at home.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Does your sick wife need your attention? 'No, sir; I ain't married."

What about your business?"

"Haven't got any?"

'No fence to fix up?'

The judge meditated. You seem to be the only man who

"Certainly!" replied the juror. Tou're going to try Jim Billings, ain't you? Well, he shot a dog of

LL along the way, while he A is attending the ordinary public school, your boy should be taking carefully planned courses in the school of experience. This training should consist of a series of testing and trying appointments so that by the time he has finished high school, say at eighteen, your son may have had brief personal contact with all the major lines of

business and industrial practice. Every year large numbers of city youths are leaving the high school to find vocational employment or to pursue a special course in college. And the pity of it is that they are going with such meager knowledge of the world's common affairs that they must stumble about and perhaps fail and slip back a number of times, securing the experience that might have been theirs before they started.

Now, here is a great wrong of neglect, committed against the young manhood of America, which parents everywhere can do much to correct. There is no good reason why your eighteen-year-old son should enter the world of affairs a soft, inexperienced "tenderfoot" and be compelled to pay so heavily for the neglected lessons in business and industry. The necessary afterschool course here may be outlined as follows:

During two summer seasons -- say

the 13th and 14th-take a sort of

apprentice course in soil and ani-

mal culture. Here and all through

the training years, avoid the usual

nate to have a place on the farm where he may earn his board while he learns the rudiments of work in field, orchard and garden, including the management of farm machinery and farm animals. Give the young learner, during

a series of trials in the line of manufacturing and handling goods. A part of this practice should consist of heavy manual labor, whereat his body may become seasoned as the ordinary workman's. If there is still a season remain ing, give the boy a short testing as

one or two of the following seasons.

clerk, bookkeeper or otherwise as an office assistant. Allow his desire or choice to lead the way here. During all these years of growth and training in school and out, continue persistently a course of amateur thrift and business practice. There are many small schemes of buying and selling, saving and investing, cash and credit, whereby a

child may slowly learn how to man-

for a youth to acquire the funda-

mentals of thrift before reaching

eighteen, than later. At this point

of development he should know the

rudiments of earning, spending, in-

age his own finances.

vesting and contributing money to the final and later end that this subtle medium of exchange may mastered by him and not master of Finally, in the matter of training the boy in industry, business prac-tice and thrift, let the parent hold tenaciously to the ideal of his son's getting experience rather than getting money. The money getting, the business success, will come later and in increased volume be-

beef in one day. Those to whom quantity is second to excellence specify the favorite beef-food of today. It is flavor-rich and edible to the last morsel. The quarter-pound package serves a generous meal-portion whether eaten hot or cold.

An Ancient Tale tells us of a man who once ate a whole

have prescribed.

SWINDELL'S CHIPPED BEEF

> The Most Popular At All Markets,

Chain Stores and Groceries

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

'I never get any music now, she said mournfully. Philip glanced at the piano and away again; it seemed only yesterday since he had tried to kiss his wife in this very room; his heart

He went over to where his mother sat; he spoke without looking at her. "Do you remember asking me-once-in this very room-how-how things had turned out?" he asked

They're-they're a thundering sight worse than—than anything you can ever imagine • • I—that's why

me—I · · · so—so I want to clear off-go abroad." Winterdick said nothing,

"We are just two blind idiots, walking into a trap, when we got married. thought it would be all right. I've known other chaps who've done it. I thought we should rub along comfortably. I was wrong-and-it

Asking for Trouble "My dear," remarked Mrs. De "He does does he?" said Mr. De Wiggs.

"You know how I am always ill!" "But you have never tried the hot water cure?" What! never tried it!" ejaculated

'You don't understand what it isthis sort of-smashup, do you?"

she was responsible for this, that it had been her hand that had built the unstable foundations of his "If I had only known!" she told herself in anguish. "Why didn't I Philip came back presently. He

WRAPS FOR

EARLY FALL

F inestimable smartness are

wear. For motoring, golf or

-By Rita Stuyvesant-

Othe new wraps for early fall

perhaps for street wear there is

an imported cape of French gray

wool velours that envelops milady

from shoulders to ankles. It is

collared deeply and there are arm

the wind blows this wrap back it

reveals a lining of Harding blue

crepe satin. Large buttons of the

Another wrap is of leather col-

ored Bolivia cloth fashioned into a

elever model that fits itself grace

fully about the figure. It is draped

pulled snugly across the shoulders.

odd motifs of green and tan.

the left side and fastened on

figured lining is used showing

No season would be complete

without its quota of navy blue, and

navy tricotine and soft wool ma-

terials. To be smart the navy wrap

must be becoming of line and

beautifully tailored, and therefore

ming. But occasionally one finds

a bit of embroidery across the

silk braid emphasizes its charm

Self-covered buttons and unusual

For informal wear over the

afternoon frock there are some

etching wraps of black silk crepe.

heavily fringed and tied with long

the graceful lines of a cape, but

are not too full. The fringe shows

the Spanish influence in autumn

The possibilities of black and

black crepe will be lined with

white combinations are almost un-

limited. Sometimes a wrap of som-

soft white satin, while others pre-

fer white embroidery to express

Folds of white crepe are laid on

black to form attractive trimming,

and many capes choose this effect

inings are also features.

sash ends.

their individuality.

to border the bottom.

oottom of a wrap or perhaps black

there are interesting wraps

A deep cape collar is

no distinguishing trim-

These wraps follow

slits, beautifully tailored.

material close the front.

hopeless gesture. "Anyway, you must arrange about that. I should like to know you were here together—you two • • • " He met his mother's eyes pleadingly. "Now you know it all," he added